

The Musical World

FINE ART & DRAMATIC OBSERVER.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1889.

PRICE 3d.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The Proprietors of THE MUSICAL WORLD offer three prizes of £12. 12s., £5. 5s., and £3. 3s. respectively for the three best settings of the Nicene Creed. We now give the Rules of the Competition:—

- 1.—Only British subjects and citizens of the United States of America will be entitled to compete.
- 2.—Correct accentuation of the words and sentences of the Creed (for which see the Rev. Mr. Harford's articles in THE MUSICAL WORLD of August 3 and 10) being the main object for which these prizes are offered, accuracy in these particulars will be regarded as a *sine quâ non*, and the prizes will be awarded to the three best works in order of musical merit.
- 3.—Works already published will not be eligible.
- 4.—Compositions must be written in the usual four parts (S.A.T.B.) for the use of church choirs, and should not exceed six and a half minutes in performance.
- 5.—M.S.S., of which two clearly written copies must be sent not later than the 17th of October to the Editor of THE MUSICAL WORLD, must bear a motto or *nom de plume* identical with one on a sealed envelope containing the name and address of the writer. Only the letters of the successful competitors will be opened.
- 6.—The judges will be Dr. GEORGE C. MARTIN, Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral; Dr. JOSEPH C. BRIDGE, Organist of Chester Cathedral (who have in the kindest manner accepted this responsibility); and the Editor of THE MUSICAL WORLD.
- 7.—The copyright of the successful works will remain the property of the composers; but the proprietor reserves the right to publish one edition of each.

HINTS FOR THOSE ABOUT TO SET THE NICENE CREED.

- 1.—Let there be a leading phrase for the Priest.
- 2.—Do not place a rest between the words 'God' and 'The FATHER Almighty.'
- 3.—In 'visible and invisible' the accent should fall upon the 1st syllable of the last word, and, if desired, on the antepenultimate also.
- 4.—Shew reverence for the Sacred Name 'Jesus.'
- 5.—Properly accentuate 'Only begotten SON.'
- 6.—Avoid two faults in 'God of God.'
- 7.—Keep distinct 'The FATHER' from 'By whom.'
- 8.—Be careful to express properly 'By Whom all things were made.'
- 9.—Avoid 'came down.' Use equal accent here.
- 10.—Accentuate the first syllable in 'also.'
- 11.—Avoid 'rose again.'
- 12.—In 'the third day' the accent must fall on 'third.'
- 13.—Do not accentuate 'to' in 'according to.'
- 14.—The accent is on Right in Right Hand—or use equal accent.
- 15.—Avoid 'again with glory' and 'with glory to judge.'
- 16.—Keep 'the dead' distinct from 'Whose Kingdom.'
- 17.—Avoid accent on 'shall' in 'Kingdom shall have.'
- 18.—Shew reverence for the Name of The HOLY SPIRIT.
- 19.—Dwell on 'The LORD.'
- 20.—Be careful in 'The SON, Who with The FATHER and The SON.'
- 21.—Avoid 'together is worshipped.'
- 22.—Place the accent correctly in 'I acknowledge.'
- 23.—Do not emphasise the personal pronoun in 'I believe.'
- 24.—Do not dwell too long upon 'look' in 'look for.'
- 25.—Avoid following an eminent composer who has written 'look for.'

AUGUSTUS LECHMERE TAMPLIN deceased. Pursuant to the Statute 22nd and 23rd Vic. C. 35. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that every Creditor and other person having claim or demand against the Estate of Augustus Lechmere Tamplin late of No. 22 Mulgrave Road West Brompton and formerly of Ifield Road Fulham Organist deceased (who died on the 8th day of May 1889) is hereby required to send in particulars of any such claim or demand to me the undersigned the sole Executor on or before the 24th September next. And that immediately after that day I shall proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased among the parties entitled having regard only to such claims and demands as I shall then have had notice and that I shall and will not be liable in respect of any assets which may be so distributed for or on account of any claim or demand against the Estate save such as have been sent in as aforesaid.

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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1889.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

* * * The Business Departments of the MUSICAL WORLD are now under the management of Mr. L. V. Lewis, the Manager of "The Observer," 396, Strand, to whom all communications must be addressed. Remittances should be made payable to the Proprietors.

* * * All advertisements for the current week's issue should be lodged with the Printer not later than noon Thursday.

* * * MSS. and Letters intended for publication must be addressed to THE EDITOR. Rejected MSS. cannot be returned unless accompanied by stamped directed envelope.

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FACTS AND COMMENTS.

A recently-published book, bearing the colloquial but arresting title of "That Frenchman," recounts an anecdote of Parisian manners which possesses at once the piquancy which usually attaches only to fiction, and the moral quality which, presumably, belongs only to truth. It sets forth that, during the Second Empire, a public wrestling match was announced to take place in a well-known institution devoted to popular amusements. The demand for places was enormous—so, at least, it is asserted by the veracious chronicler of the story, who perhaps owes his information to the sporting reporters of the period—and many of the *copurchics* and aristocratic supporters of the noble art were in despair at their inability to gain admittance. To some of these occurred a happy notion. They went to some of the members of the band which had been engaged to diversify the proceedings, and

offered to pay well if they might be allowed to join the band, disguised as members thereof. The offer was accepted, and at the appointed hour the band struck up with some selections from popular Italian operas then rife. But the disguised sportsmen, instead of only pretending to play, must needs attempt to join in the swelling music. We do not know what instruments they held, but they were probably brazen. At any rate, the erratic, if well-intentioned harmonies thus introduced were little short of diabolical. The popular airs were utterly unrecognisable, and the audience asked themselves what composer had perpetrated such atrocities. But the climax was reached when a small boy in the gallery shouted out, "Down with Wagner!"

* *

The bearing of this anecdote naturally lies in the application of it. It is not to be supposed that the small boy was an advanced student of music. He had doubtless heard Wagner spoken of as one who delighted in hideous chords and unrhythmical melodies, and perhaps he was not so much to blame; he had not heard Wagner's music performed, and took the prevalent criticisms as truthful. Still, that boy has certainly survived until our own day, and his shrill shouts of ignorance may still be heard both in the gallery and the press. He is as ready now as then to imagine that opinions are true in proportion to the loudness with which they are asserted. On the other hand, a moral might be drawn from the false musicians themselves, whose tasteless performances thus brought discredit on a reverend name. But this may be worked out and applied by our readers at their own discretion.

* *

M. Oscar Comettant has just published a little pamphlet on the Scandinavian concerts recently given in Paris. Some of his remarks are worth quoting:—"There are two kinds of music: that composed by musicians, and that composed by those who are not musicians. It is a fact that the world owes that which, in the art of expression by means of sound, is most sincere, most natural, most charming, and least subject to the changes of fashion, to those who are not musicians—that is to say to popular airs, in the composition of which the people as a whole have collaborated. The music of musicians forms the *Art of Music*; and this is born of the popular song which, whether grave or gay, is always instinct with the nation's life which gave it birth. . . . The epoch through which we are passing is in all things confused—in politics by the divisions of parties, in music by excess of polyphony. All excesses are necessarily followed by a reaction. So wills the harmony of things—the sovereign law of Nature. The exaggerated multiplicity of parts (*combinaisons*) in music will lead us back to simplicity. This is inevitable. . . . Already we find wise counsellors advising musicians attacked by the contrapuntal plethora to seek restoration by a *régime* of national airs and popular songs."

* *

Mr. Edison's phonograph has, it is said, undergone a fresh development. An ingenious friend has suggested that to the already existing instrument there should be added an apparatus which will take instantaneous photographs of the speaker or singer, at equal intervals of one-tenth of a second. These, like the phonogram itself, can then be reproduced, with the result that, in addition to the reuttered song or speech, the spectators will be presented with the facial expression and gestures of their author. This looks very interesting on paper, but it would be rather hard on a good many of our musicians, whose performances do not at all gain in grace or dignity from their tricks of pantomimic expression.

We inadvertently omitted last week to record the death of Madame Puzzi, who died on the 18th inst., at the age of eighty-one. The deceased lady, who was known so well in England, first as a singer and later as a most successful teacher, had spent by far the greater part of her life amongst us, and had endeared herself to all those who came in contact with her no less as an artist of ability than as a woman possessed of many admirable and amiable qualities. Madame Puzzi had survived her husband, the well-known horn player, by some ten or twelve years, and leaves three daughters.

* *

The Carl Rosa Opera Company has migrated to Dublin, where good performances seem to be meeting with commensurate success. The company has been strengthened by the addition of Mdle. Zélie de Lussan, the young Franco-American singer who created so marked an impression at Covent Garden last year, not less by her manifestly high abilities than by her singular facial likeness to Madame Patti. By the way, a painful story is prevalent concerning a well-known tenor, a former member of the company, who has been seen in New York in a state of the utmost destitution.

* *

We must leave to the "Mondo Artistico," from which we take the information, the responsibility for the astounding statement that Herr Grieg is engaged on an opera, the subject of which is connected with the bombardment of Alexandria by the English. The artistic world will probably fancy that our contemporary has been misinformed.

* *

The ephemeral literature of that peculiarly-mannered potentate, the Shah, has been enriched by a new anecdote. It is stated that while he was present at a performance at the Grand Ducal Theatre of Baden he saw Mdle. Sigrid Arnoldson, and inquired who she was. On being told that she was the "Swedish Nightingale" His Majesty replied, with jingle-like abruptness, "Rich country, Sweden—if nightingales there wear so many diamonds."

* *

The National Eisteddfod of Wales opened on Tuesday at Brecon, under the presidency of Sir J. R. Bailey. In the choral competition the first prize was awarded to the Carnarvon Vocal Union, and the second to Newtown. On Wednesday the chief feature of the proceedings was the five songs sung by Madame Patti, who was, of course, received with the greatest enthusiasm.

* *

Herr Leonard Emil Bach has just received an intimation that the Shah has conferred upon him the distinction of "Commander of the Imperial Order of the Lion and the Sun." This is in recognition of Herr Bach's new Persian March, dedicated to the Shah, which the composer played before His Majesty on the occasion of his entertainment by the Persian Ambassador, Prince Malcolm Kahn.

* *

"Otello" is to be given in Brussels, and subsequently in Paris, during the months of September and October. Report has it—we hope it may be true—that, should the work be again produced in London, Madame Nordica may replace Madame Cataneo in the part of Desdemona. The change would certainly be for the better.

* *

We regret to learn the death of Mr. J. W. Atkinson, which took place at Leeds on the evening of Sunday last. Mr. Atkinson had, from 1858 to 1883, been intimately connected with the Leeds Musical Festival, which owed no little of their success to his energy and tact.

It seems not impossible after all that we may have a season of light German opera next year. Mr. Harris entertains hopes that he may be able to co-operate with Mr. Gustav Amberg to that end, though matters are still very indefinite.

A musical adaptation of "The Lady of Lyons" will shortly be produced at the Opera Comique. The music is from the pen of Mr. George Cockle, to a libretto written by the late Charles Searle.

TWO CHAPTERS FROM LOTZE'S "OUTLINES OF AESTHETICS."

I.—THE ACTUALIZATION OF THE BEAUTIFUL, AND ITS KINDS.

§ 1. If we investigate those domains of reality in which beauty can manifest itself, we are able to distinguish,—

- (1) The universal forms of Space, Time, and Motion, upon which all reality is built;—further,
- (2) The definite typical species of individual and actual beings;—finally,
- (3) The world of events, into which the latter are interwoven.

§ 2. While forbearing until later all allusion to the grounds on which certain individual forms of space, time, and motion appear beautiful rather than others, we wish now to present that on which the beautiful impression of each one of these forms always depends.

Space, time, and motion, are so organised interiorly, that they not only comprehend one immensity by means of their infinite extent, but by means of their relations under law likewise give to each single point some definite relation in a series of relations to every other point. Thus space, for example, makes it possible that nothing in the world stands isolated, but everything has its own definite surroundings; that motions in different directions converge at one point previously determined, or diverge from some other common point; that every figure when begun finds not merely a place for its conclusion, but also the points fixed by a law through which its outline must run symmetrically;—and more of the same kind of thing.

We are so wonted to all these properties that we overlook their value. Nevertheless, the impression exerted upon us—for example, by the symmetry of a figure, by the consistency in the curvature of a line, by the peculiar contrast between the two equal branches of an arabesque that run right and left, by the fixed recurrence of a melody to its point of starting—depends in large measure upon the fact that all these individual phenomena secretly remind us of this universal nature of the aforesaid three great forms, by means of which consistency, coherence, possibility of a development, and the impossibility of ever withdrawing one's self from the close union with reality, are everywhere secured.

§ 3. In contrast with the "free beauty" that, in this first province, enters into various combinations in themselves purposeless, everything actual, being fixed by some conception of species, has first to satisfy the demands of this type. Yet it is not by this means alone made "beautiful." For every type, like every general notion, leaves indefinite a great number of proportions between its individual marks. These gaps the individual must fill up by the choice of definite relations; and only thus does the generic type have any actuality whatever.

Now the individual will be *beautiful* in case it perfects these its individual features, not only in accord with one another, but also in such manner that by means of them, in respect to the proper significance of the type, it surpasses its necessary demands. It thereby shows how the excellence of this type is preserved even for its own individual end as a self-sufficing system of means. Conversely, it becomes positively hateful, so soon as it defines that which the general type leaves indefinite, *contrary* to its significance. For in this way, although it does not escape from the limits of what is matter of command, still it shows that it feels itself to be ruled by the generic type as by a foreign power, to which it is opposed with its own individual inclinations and purposes.

The attempt to discover or represent simply the universal type as beautiful in itself, without any such individual and characteristic colouring, will necessarily be wrecked. That which is properly contrasted with the "merely characteristic" as being the "ideally beautiful," is not attained by complete surrender of what is characteristic; but only by making the specifically individual directions, for which we conceive the generic type to be perfected and exercised in the individual form, of themselves more comprehensive, free, and universal; so that they include no limited construc-

tion merely, but a manifoldness of purposes—and that of such kind as belong to the actual and serious vital problems of the genus.

The fact need scarcely be alluded to, that "characteristic beauty" may include also the "free beauty" of mere form; although in all higher creations the forms of themselves are more simple and quiet, while their beauty depends on the understanding of their ever-increasing spiritual content.

§ 4. Beauty in the world of events lies in the concord between the free characteristic activity of manifold living being, and the universal laws of the enviroing world-plan. Here there may be, in part, such a "free" beauty of *grace* that the events act by means of the beauty of the form of their concatenation; in part, a "characteristic" beauty, since a definite individual form of life is developed, in accordance with its own nature, by all the events to which it is subjected from without.

Peculiar to this domain, however, and only transferable from it to the earlier ones, is the form of *sublimity*. It accompanies of itself every great historical survey of the world's destiny. It appears in the individual, where some more than ordinarily conspicuous cycle of events, as a smaller whole, brings to the mind's view the unconditioned control of the universal over the activity of the particular.

Nevertheless, the impression of this absolute reign of laws, as long as weight is laid upon the vanishing of the particular before the universal, has at first only a depressing effect; and is in no respect *beautiful* except as this reign of law is not held to be the finality in the world, but only a means of which an unspeakably higher power avails itself for binding together what is manifold. On the other hand, the same impression becomes dreadful, so soon as the mechanism of this conformity to law is made to hold good as a final and supreme fate, which controls all that is finite without being itself limited by anything higher.

On the other hand, what is itself elevated is also elevating; if one lays weight upon the other side, upon the inexhaustible procession of the individual from the universal, and upon the love with which the latter constantly anew produces what is perishable. Still, even what is elevated is *beautiful* only in case this immeasurable power of production is itself again tacitly assumed to be the means for a higher end. On the other hand, if it were to take rank as a finality, it would be transformed for us into the tedium of the monotone.

The supreme beauty of events will accordingly consist in the solemn sublimity in which the force that negates the individual as well as the other that is infinitely creative, appears as the peculiar life-likeness of a purpose, in itself valuable and sacred.

§ 5. Now just as fancy apprehends these forms of the beautiful in the reality of the world as it is, so does it endeavour to reproduce them in art.

The earliest beginnings of art belong to daily life. Every impulse toward cleanliness, adornment, order, and comfort in surroundings, is dependent on the same pleasure in the opulency of that which is manifold yet concordant, that ventures on higher problems in the sphere of "art" customarily so called. And it certainly would be profitable—contrary to modern aesthetics which, for the most part, aims to be "a science of the idea of the beautiful"—to consider all art scientifically as an element in the history of culture. The problem of what we are wont to call "art" in the narrower meaning accordingly consists, in general, in the reproduction of actuality; not, however, of individual actuality as such, but of the *totality* of what is actual. That is to say, art must make obvious, in every exhibition of it, the structure of the actual world, the forms of its connection, and the absolute value and significance of these forms. It has, therefore, not so much to idealise, and not to improve, the content of the actual. It has only to concentrate what, in the infinite extension of the world, lies so scattered far apart in space and time that it can neither be contemplated in the significance and value of its coherency by the individual mind: nor yet clearly enough surveyed by reflection; nor, finally, enjoyed in immediate and living experience.

§ 6. The conditions, which art must satisfy in order to effect an impression of beauty,* fall under three classes, corresponding to the three measures in us to which the works of art must be applied. For they must:

I. Please the senses; and so there indubitably arises a series of *physiological* conditions of beauty, thus far little studied, which not merely concern the harmony of sensuous impressions with one another (colors, tones), but also have control in the involuntary symbolism by which we,

* Comp. H. Lotze, "On the Conditions of the Beautiful in Art,"—Göttinger Studien, 1847, II. 1.

with the common feeling of our body, with the pleasure and pain that proceed from its motions, positions, its equipoise or pressure, first learn besides to understand every other combination of spatial forms and motions, and to estimate the harmony or dissonance in their size and peculiarities. The work of art must—

2. Satisfy all the general laws, which control the course of our ideas, feelings, and acts of will, and which are everywhere the same without regard to the content and value of what is mentally represented. This gives to us the *psychological* conditions of beauty; which will sometimes most effectively proceed from the uniformity of one mood excited in us, sometimes from its vicissitudes, sometimes from steadfast appeal to motive, sometimes from a leap by way of contrast, sometimes from broad and explicit representation, sometimes from brief and aphoristic indication. Our soul, however, in case it has to do with æsthetic enjoyment and artistic work, is no longer an otherwise empty existence, that possesses these laws of its inner mechanism simply for some future use; but by experience, cognition, and conduct, it has developed into a capacious spirit, which has formed for itself a firm reflective view concerning the content, connection, and value of the world.

3. To this Spirit also must the work of art correspond; and it fulfils these last ideal conditions of beauty by being constantly mindful, in some manner or other, of those three great forces on which the world is built, and of their harmony, wherein precisely lies the secret of the world. Every work of art must, therefore, be mindful—

(a) of a circle of general laws that are valid even beyond its own peculiar limits. Just by this means will it show that it is not a dream void of all real being, but a part or picture of reality. It must—

(b) bring before us a definite, specific, and concrete form of life that, although it follows the aforesaid laws, does not follow from them alone. It must, finally—

(c) cause this form of life to appear to us as taken up into, and set in place within, a capacious plan of the world, to the fulfilment of which it contributes something with the forces of its own concrete nature.

BEETHOVEN'S SKETCHES.

BY J. F. ROWBOTHAM.

Zweite Beethoveniana. Nachgelassene Aufsätze von Gustav Nottebohm.

It was the habit of Leonardo da Vinci, when he had a great picture in contemplation, to make endless studies of minute parts of it, sometimes drawing the same face or the same tree twenty times over, on little scraps of paper. In his walks about Florence, if he saw a passer-by whose features or expression particularly pleased him, he would dog the steps of the unconscious model for hours together, to catch every fleeting turn of countenance, and commit his reminiscences to sketches with patient labour in the evening. Little by little the varieties of lineaments condensed themselves to one perfect expression, and this, once attained, was seized and transferred to the canvas. Pope, in literature, offers a somewhat similar spectacle of an artist who arrived at the climax of his idea through a long-continued, precedent series of efforts. Speaking roundly, no line in his poetry was printed as it was penned; but its first commitment to paper was merely an offer at the form which the poet aspired to reach. It was written down that its author might gaze at it, scrutinise, examine, and amend it. The first draft was for the writer's own use, and with this to work on he prepared the final copy for the public. Other instances of a similar method of workmanship might be quoted in literature. But in the case of music, plainly enough, they are far more common, and have a far more justifiable *raison d'être*. A poet who must prepare his line by a preliminary sketch may perhaps be taxed with laziness or with fastidiousness; with laziness, because he does not buckle together all his faculties at the moment of creation, but allows the invention to take the *pas* of the judgment, thus necessitating two processes, first the formation of the thought, and, secondly, its rectification. Or he might be decried as fastidious, because he is so long in being satisfied with what he writes, but changes and tampers with it for reasons that can only be patent to himself. But in the case of music, where towards the expression of an idea, not a few words, but a mass of notes, chords, clefs, rests, &c., are necessary, there is every reason why sketching should be a common thing; for did a composer write off-

hand, his ideas might be considerably hampered by mere mechanical drawbacks, and a phrase of six notes, forming a merely insignificant part in an elaborate composition, might take a hundred dashes of the pen to bring it into being. Most musicians are, therefore, sketchers; but there are two sorts of sketching—there is what we may call the professional sketching, which is merely putting down on one piece of paper the melody and harmony which will be transferred in fuller form to another, and there is likewise artistic sketching, which joins company with Leonardo's method of study, and pursues a certain idea by excessive sedulity and re-touching, until it brings it to complete perfection. Such was the sketching of Beethoven, who was *par excellence* the sketcher of musical literature.

His own mental character inclined him strongly to such a style of working. His ideas (says his biographer) came like volcanic eruptions: all was calm and still, and the mind was occupying itself with anything but music, when suddenly came a torrent of inspirations, which the composer seized on and retained as best he might, well knowing that the stream would pass away again in due course, not to return at his bidding. These musical moments, too, visited him at odd times and in unexpected places. Whether it were owing to the irregularity of his habits or to the boisterous current of his ideas, he was unable to control his genius like the steady-going Haydn and the easy-tempered Mozart; and sketch-books were an entire necessity to him. The custom, also, of working at several pieces simultaneously was another cause which made in the same direction; for with many different compositions contending for priority in his mind, and all together growing into being, the natural means of organising and keeping separate the several developments was repeated reference to the simple and original ideas which formed the basis of each. Many reasons conduced, therefore, to make Beethoven a sketcher, and his sketching was done in a most eccentric way. The notes were scribbled down as often as not without any stave at all, and at certain distances apart which were intended as a vague substitute for spaces and lines; yet frequently so ill was the proportionate distance regulated that to any but the composer himself the interpretation must in some cases remain doubtful. To those which are entirely problematical, Herr Nottebohm, the editor of the sketches, has added a mark of interrogation. Yet so well can the comparative method be applied in the elucidation of any difficulties, that reference from the sketches to the published work and *vice versa* has generally determined beyond any question a disputed reading.

Speaking broadly, the sketches are of two great classes. In one, and the most interesting class, the simple idea which is first thrown off on to paper, is adhered to with marvellous fidelity in all succeeding studies of the same piece, and suffers little alteration beyond that which comes from addition of fulness and easy growth to rounded form. This is the most interesting class to peruse, because we are at one with the composer from the very first; we can follow every movement of his mind; we can understand the reason of every step; and at the end we endorse all his additions and erasures, convinced as he himself was that everything has been done for the best. In the other and the second class of sketches, the reverse of this gentle and intelligible development meets our eye. We see him pencilling an idea one day, striking it out and substituting a diametrically opposite thought the next day. A pause ensues and then comes a vain attempt to reconcile the two conflicting themes. A wrestle, a wrangle—and finally both are dashed out and a new one is instituted. Again, one theme is started, and an alteration is suggested before many bars are penned. The alteration pleases the composer evidently, for once more the original theme is struck out, and the altered part of it becomes the basis of an entirely new composition. And, thirdly, a number of themes are thrown off—one is selected for treatment—but is eventually dropped with an air of indifference. Then the next one is tried, and abandoned in like manner. Then a third, and so on through most of them. Finally all are discarded, and the composer, hard to satisfy, starts with an entirely new subject. This class of sketches, which is the second of the two great classes we alluded to, fails to interest us like the first, owing to the large element of unmeaning connected therewith. We cannot follow the composer in his humours and eccentricities; we grow tired of attempting to search for reasons where perhaps no reason but merely caprice has been at work; and when after all our trouble we discover that the patiently-studied half-dozen bars lead to nothing, but that a totally new idea is cavalierly substituted and adopted as the master's text, we are apt to lose patience, or, at least, the patience of careful questioning and examination. The earlier great class of sketches, however, are as fascinating as these are repellent, and to their attractive phrases we shall in the ensuing columns chiefly confine ourselves.

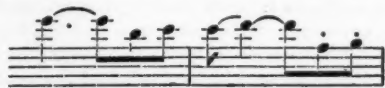
Among the various treasures of the volume, the first set of sketches which particularly invite notice are those which contribute to the architecture of the Seventh Symphony. With the art of architecture, music has often been compared, but in the present instance the analogy would be peculiarly appropriate, and by benefit of the sketch-book before us we can trace the materials of the great palace of sound not only through all stages of their building, but even into the quarry from which in an almost formless shape they were dug from the earth. The sketches of the Seventh Symphony extend so far back and interpenetrate so wildly among a mass of other compositions, that it is almost impossible to say when they begin or at what period their scattered threads clustered sufficiently together to lead Beethoven to the conception of writing them in one work—an intention which presumably at first he had not entertained. The earliest and most pronounced indication of a mighty idea in agitation is the appearance here and there, at unexpected places, in the sketch books, of that Dactylic rhythm, which plays so important a part in the initial movement of the Symphony. Here are some of the first essays at it:—



Another contribution to the first movement appears later on:—



Shortly after which, proceeding on the hunt, we meet with



and in very close succession:—



A near resemblance to the following, which is almost note for note the same as the published version:—



(To be continued.)

MUSIC ON THE WAVES.

ON BOARD THE YACHT "MAYFLOWER"

IN THE NORTH SEA.

RESPECTED SIR: I am vain enough, I confess it, to imagine that the MUSICAL WORLD, of which I am a small part, is very conscious that I am away on a holiday. That is to say, I believe that my absence is not wholly unfelt by my colleagues, who are even at some loss to replace the trenchant criticisms and the high-souled philosophy which are wont to flow from my facile pen. I behold them, seated in the dear familiar room, gazing distractedly at the ceiling from whence all the inspiration has been exhausted long ago, and—sighing for me. I picture them tormented and possessed by a legion of printer's devils, who cry for copy, and cry in vain. All these things are present to my mental vision to-night as I sit upon the deck of the good yacht "Mayflower," now moored for her evening rest, and watch the sun setting over the crimsoned waves. I lean over the vessel's side, and I almost weep. The skipper, who is placidly smoking his pipe at the foc's'le hatch, gazes upon me cynically, evidently believing that the motion of the vessel is not wholly agreeable. Sir, it is not so. It is sentiment, not seasickness, which brings these unbidden tears. And so, to ease my feelings, I will write to you a brief record of my holiday, with such noble thoughts as have visited me during that all too short period.* You will forgive me if in point of style my letter does not equal the 'copy' to which I have accustomed you. In the first place, half a gale is blowing, and the cabin is in a state of wild disorder, while, since I cannot persuade the inkstand to remain upon the table, I am driven to write with a small pencil-stump which the cabin-boy has kindly lent me. But I am glad I cannot write in ink. Ever since I was a happy school-boy, and learnt the "Loss of the Royal George," I have entertained a vague belief that that historic vessel was engulfed by the waves simply because her commander's sword was in its sheath, while his fingers held the pen. As the skipper informs me that we have not a single sword, sheathed or otherwise, on board, and as my fingers resolutely decline to hold the pen, I believe that, for this night at least, the "Mayflower" is safe.

I have had some difficulty in finding a suitable heading for this my epistle, and have, at last, with the counsel of the cabin-boy and the friend who shares with me the pleasures of the voyage, and is known familiarly as William, decided to call it "Music on the Waves." This is to be explained by a very simple syllogism. The immortal bard, as you will perhaps recollect, has somewhere remarked that the man who has no music in his soul is fit for treasons, and other exciting but dangerous things. Now, Sir, I am not fit for treasons and stratagems; therefore I have music in my soul. That is plainly logical, and it may easily be deduced therefrom that when I am on the waves, music—which resides in me—is on the waves also. Q.E.D., as one Euclid was wont to observe. The title, moreover, is comprehensive, for it will enable me to give you some account of such musical performances as have come under my notice since I left the happy haunts of the Strand. I wish it were possible to send you a full copy of the log I have kept since then; but I suppose THE MUSICAL WORLD itself would not contain all the things which have been written therein. Yet let me begin telling you something of the earlier part of my holiday, which was spent, not on the waves, but at a country house on the Upper Thames.

I desire to tell you of it, Sir, because music—of a sort—was very much in evidence there. Not only was that gracious lady, the hostess, one of the most charming amateur singers in London society; not only were many of the guests vocally gifted, but there was also of the party a famous composer, with whose praises your columns have often been filled. Now, Sir, you and I have seen him many times in concert halls, and have heard his music; but I doubt if you have ever had such an opportunity as was mine of beholding a real live genius at play. I beheld this bright particular star playing tennis and playing billiards; I was with him upon the silver Thames, and with him did urge the swan-like skiff; above all I marked him playing the piano. And what did he play? He played waltzes, polkas; he played accompaniments to comic songs. Perhaps his crowning feat in the musical way was the concoction of a dinner menu, in which each dish received a musical name, so that the whole read like a concert programme. Thus we had a

"Concerted Piece; O Sal my Duck;"

while the humble and familiar cheese was thus set down—

Old Mellow-dy; "From Age to Age."

I rose from that dinner a wiser man. I perceived more clearly than before

* NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—We have here suppressed a passage, partly illegible, in which our contributor appears to make a ridiculous appeal for a lengthened holiday.

the many-sidedness of a true artist. Oh, yes; it is a great thing to see genius in its boating flannels.

And from that abode of happiness, Sir, I have passed to the ocean. The weather has been more favourable to reflection than to cruising, for almost each day the wind has been so strong that we could not comfortably venture out. Therefore, much of my time has been passed in quiet contemplation and retrospection. I have thought over the past season, and pondered deeply on those æsthetic questions which have so often been the theme of discussion between us. But St. James's Hall and Covent Garden seem very far away, and, as to the weary Lotus-eaters, the voices of the old disputants on the merits of Wagner and kindred topics come to me with a faint and alien sound. Two musical topics are, indeed, very present with me. I have arrived at some altogether new views on the "pitch of C"—because the C pitches so very much, even in the quiet little bay where we are at anchor; and I have also thought much of that passage in Mr. Cowen's Fifth Symphony, which the ingenious Mr. Barry interpreted as the "foul-weather motive." Mr. Cowen would have written many such, had he been here. I myself, who am—you know it well—the meekest of men, have invented a whole dictionary-full of new euphemisms concerning the weather. When I return I will tell you some of them.

I broke off my writing a few minutes ago, and went on deck. The moon was full, and the wind having abated a little, the sea had sunk from its boisterous pitchings into the sweet "multitudinous laughter" of which a certain Greek wrote so beautifully. As I sat and watched it, and listened to its quiet music, some lines of Mr. Swinburne came to me. You remember that pretty "roundel"—I don't remember the second line of the stanza myself—

"We have drunken of Lethe at length, we have eaten of lotus,

We have said to the doubts that assailed and the fears that smote us,
Good-night and good-bye."

If for "Lethe" you read "Scotch, cold," and for "lotus," "tinned apricots"—it alters the rhythm a little, unfortunately—you have an accurate idea of my present condition. I have ceased to be haunted by any doubts as to the authenticity of those Beethoven documents; I am fearful no longer of the irate young ladies who sing out of tune, and do not take it kindly when I have told them of their little failings. I verily believe that if my friend the cabin-boy, or my dearer friend William, were to assert that the Ninth Symphony is identical with the "Moonlight" Sonata, or that Wagner was an Italian composer who wrote "The Bohemian Girl," I should not throw him overboard. I do protest that I am well enough content to let the world—even the Musical World—go by. I wish to forget that there is such a thing as art, and I would pass the rest of my life in this Nirvana-like condition. The water is rippling past, breaking the moonlight into cressets of silver fire, and the whole air is full of a brooding peace. Is not that enough? Is not the rustling reed happier in its river-bed than when the cruel Pan has hacked it into a flute? I know that the "true gods sigh for the cost and pain" of the poor reed—or Mrs. Browning says they do; but is that quite sufficient for the reed? The author of "The City of Dreadful Night" asks, in one of his epigrams:—

"Will you puff out the music that sways the whirl,
Or dance and make love with a pretty girl?"

hereby teaching that life is a dance, and that you must either pipe that others may dance, or dance while others pipe. There is a good deal of truth in it. I do not think the poor musicians up in the hot gallery get quite enough appreciation. All night long they are playing, until their throats are parched, and their brains giddy, while downstairs in the brilliant ball-room the dancers are enjoying themselves. Of course the musicians are paid to play? Well, yes, I suppose so; but they are not paid much; and perhaps the beautiful hostess forgets to send them up some supper. She sends a servant up to them; but he bears no message of release—only a request for another extra. My little parable is plain enough, is it not? Which would you rather be? I suppose my first suggestions were wickedly childish, and after all I would rather be in the band than in the ball-room. One goes home wearily in the pale dawn, but at least one has worked.

But, down here, there are neither bands nor pretty girls. Stay—there was a young lady this afternoon, who brought an easel down to the shore and sat there some hours, apparently sketching our little craft. She spent most of her energy, I perceived, in putting me in properly, so that I know she has a good deal of artistic taste. William and the cabin-boy were vain enough to assert that they were the objects of her attention—which

was absurd. Failing to convince me on this point, the graceless pair suggest that she is a musician who has long borne a bitter hatred towards me for some critical asperities, and, having discovered my whereabouts, has chosen to perpetrate a caricature of me, to my everlasting confusion. I appeal to you, Sir, to say if such a thing be likely. Anyway, I am going to turn in. Perhaps you may hear more of me later, but for the present believe me to be, with every assurance of respect,

Yours (when I return),

THE WANDERING ONE.

LIFE AND ART.

BY SIDNEY R. THOMPSON.

(Continued from page 567).

Thus far, then, we should have arrived at this initial fact; that the greatest art has concerned itself less with the interpretation of religious truth than with the presentation of various phases of strictly human life and passion. That this is true of the elder arts is plainly a matter of historical fact, and can only be denied by such brilliantly erratic thinkers as the gentleman who has announced that Turner painted his "Slave Ship" to show that "There is a God that judgeth the earth." It would be interesting to learn what morals such persons perceive in those later works of the same artist which appeal so powerfully to Mr. Ruskin, or, to go further back, in the "Venus and Adonis" of Titian, which the same distinguished critic has declared to be so superlatively great. Perhaps, before long, one of the many beneficial societies which have lately arisen to undertake the direction of the spiritual lives of the whole world will issue a series of tracts, each of which shall bear the name of some great art work, such as those mentioned above, and prove therefrom that the artists had no other aim than the enforcement of the Smaller Catechism. Such things may, however, be very well left to the future; the important point is that these amiable persons find themselves fighting against the world's experience. It may perhaps be urged that these facts apply rather to the plastic arts than to music, and it was frankly admitted in a previous article that the conditions of the musical art render it more easily possible for her to enforce spiritual truths. But it cannot be doubted that she also is subject to the laws which have governed the developments of her sister arts; and attempt has been made to show that in this, the later stage of the existence of music, the laws are plainly operating. In her infancy and childhood such works as the "Messiah" were possible, but they are possible no longer. And, indeed, it might not unfairly be asked whether Handel achieved so complete a union of religious and artistic elements as is commonly supposed. That is to say, are not the religious emotions attributed to those who listen to this work rather the product of previous convictions or associations; and would not the music itself be as effective, *quâ* music, were it wedded to another story less hallowed by pious memories? The point is, however, not to be discussed here. It is sufficient to note that music is apparently undergoing that condensation of interest which has taken place in the other arts, and has, indeed, accompanied their gradual progress towards perfection. Some kind of "nebular theory" might not inaptly be formulated to describe this condensation. The vaguely beautiful and luminous dream-stuff becomes more solid, its particles are more closely knit, until at last, for a nebulous cloud of phantasmal texture, we have a substantial world, peopled not by incredible visions, but by breathing, passionate men and women.

It will be seen that only incidental reference has been made to the great question at issue between the two opposing parties spoken of at the outset—whether, that is to say, art exists as an end or as a means. But, after all, such questions gain little clearness from mere academic discussions, and the truth may oftener be reached by apparently circuitous routes. Thus we have gone far enough in history to note that, whether the artist were, or were not, consciously working to any moral end, he must deal truthfully with phases of human life and thought. We shall not be going too far if we paraphrase an utterance of Emerson, and say that every action must have for ancestor an emotion. It will, consequently, follow that the expression of emotions in musical, or pictorial, or verbal language—which is largely, if not wholly, Art—must be connected more or less directly with action. It matters little whether the emotions aroused be passionate and strong, or merely gentle and reflective; if the art be true and sincere, the corresponding emotions awakened will not fail

to influence the moral atmosphere. There is, of course, a certain sphere of art which may be excepted—that which has come to be known as “decorative,” and which seeks only to excite feelings of sensuous pleasure by graceful combinations of line or colour; or, perhaps, by collocations of prettily-strung words, expressive of no particular thought. But such instances are so rare that we may suspect that the artist's practice is much better than his teaching, and that it is found impossible to exclude some ulterior motives from the plan. Some of us, indeed, are tempted to regard the phrase as an excuse for bad workmanship and weak conception, for it is a matter of fact that these faults are almost invariably present in those specimens of art which their producers call “decorative.” For all immediate purposes, therefore, we may ignore this section, and reiterate that all great art, dealing as it must with some phase of emotion and ultimately of thought, cannot be separated from the great issues of conduct. And, although those laws which regulate human conduct in the abstract have been classified, and are understood more thoroughly than ever before, yet emotion, and thought, and action, and the whole question of what, in default of a better phrase, must still be called “moral responsibility,” are still so intimately mingled that it is scarcely possible to estimate at the full the influence on conduct which may be exerted by a simply true piece of art work. It rests with the artist, therefore, as to the final value of the emotions he seeks to arouse; whether they shall tend to dignity of life, to loyalty to the highest perceivable truths of conduct, or, on the other hand, to contentment with low pleasures and sensations, and a consequent degradation to lower planes of life.

We are thus brought at last to the two chief questions involved in the whole discussion. Is it possible, or right, that an artist should set himself deliberately to teach—or rather, to preach; and, if so, what should be today the subject-matter of his sermon. It may frankly be admitted that, as to the first, it is almost impossible to lay down any general statement which shall apply with equal force to the artists of the past and the present. It seems very certain that in the past this conscious didacticism has been the exception, and not the rule. It is inconceivable that *Æschylus* or *Shakespeare* should have set themselves to the expression of any particular teachings. That they were, to a large extent, conscious of the great verities of life is not to be denied. Looking on life with such large and god-like eyes, seeing its mysteries with such penetration, they could hardly escape knowledge of the issues involved in those spiritual crises and contests which they mirrored so calmly. But they could never have written a play to suit a moral, as the ingeniously good persons referred to above might write a tract to fit a startling heading. Lesser artists, too, might consciously set themselves to illustrate some particular phase of life, involving some definable moral issue; but he would have fallen very far away from the highest level of artistic power who should deliberately fit his work to his moral. So, too, it may well be that lessons may be drawn from many a work which certainly were not planted there by the creator himself, who

“Built better than he knew.”

With the clear vision of life comes the impulse to record it, with, as we have suggested, some consciousness of its reality. But the seer of visions can hardly dictate to his dreams that they shall be of such and such things, or that they shall teach such and such morals. It is for the reverent hearer to let them become so intimate a part of his being that their moral elements shall assimilate with the fibres of his own strength and courage. The method of the greatest art, we may be assured, is the method of nature, the method by which the soul-plant grows and spreads. Art is no conscious product of will, or mind, or religion. The loveliest truths are to be stumbled upon in the night wanderings, or they wait, hidden in a flower-bell or beside the stream, ready to leap to the heart; or, in the still night, to kiss, Diana-like, the sleeping soul. We might search the forest by daylight, but there are no guiding footsteps. A distant flutter of white robes, an instant's vision of flashing feet—but no nymph-truth is to caught so.

How far these suggestions may apply to contemporary art it is more difficult to say. We have lost, it seems, the secret of vivid unconscious life. We must analyse our feelings, and dissect our motives, until it seems well-nigh impossible that any strong and healthy art should be produced.

The greatest artist of recent times, who was perhaps the greatest of all time also, certainly imputed to some of his most remarkable works, such as “*Tristan*,” definite philosophical, but scarcely religious, ends. Yet it is notoriously so difficult for an artist to explain himself otherwise than through the medium of his art that it may be questioned if *Wagner*, who

was the highest type of the modern analytic and hyper-sensitive spirit, was so much influenced by those avowed theories of art as he supposed. Was it not rather that, sitting consciously in the centre of that marvellous web of thought and passion, in touch with every thread, he simply was able to perceive whither his original creative impulses were driving him? Did he not, by virtue of his modern temperament, see more clearly than could have been the case with others of an earlier date the ultimate issue of his works, which nevertheless could neither have been cast in any other form nor controlled by any other passion?

(To be concluded.)

NEW MUSIC.

Messrs. NOVELLO and Co.

Six two-part songs for solo voices or Female Chorus, by Charles Wood. This work, dedicated to Professor Villiers Stanford, is a setting of words by Milton, Herrick, Julian Fane, Walter Scott, Fletcher, and Shakespeare. The composer has thrown himself into the spirit of each poet's lines, and by suitable themes, clever melodic devices, and well-turned modulations has succeeded in investing each number with its appropriate emotional atmosphere. The whole six are written within the compass of quite ordinary voices, and will well repay careful study and expressive renderings.

STANLEY LUCAS and Co.

“Four Songs of the Stuarts,” composed by Mary Carmichael. Both the words and the music of these songs are characteristic enough to gladden the heart of any true Scotchman. The accompaniment to the first number is varied in each verse, thereby preventing a possible feeling of monotony. The second number has no less than four verses, all alike; but the melody is such a bright, patriotic little strain, and followed by such a short stirring chorus that it is all over before the listener has had time to notice the repetitions. The third song, “The Blackbird,” is a tender “Andante,” while the fourth and last song, “Charlie's Landing,” well portrays the enthusiasm of the Prince's faithful adherents. The little volume is prettily got up, and dedicated to the Order of the White Rose.

CHAS. WOOLHOUSE.

“Fairy Land,” a set of three vocal trios for female voices. No. 1 “Ye Spotted Snakes (Shakespeare); No. 2, “From Oberon in Fairy Land (Ben Jonson); and No. 3, “Here in cool grot” (Lord Mornington). Music by T. A. de Orellana. All the numbers are well written, though No. 3 is the most spontaneous and least conventional, and its piano accompaniment is particularly fanciful and appropriate. “The Young Rose Song,” by J. Jacques Haakman, is a graceful tender setting of Moore's sweet lines.

We have received, too late for criticism in the present issue, the new cantata by Mr. C. Lee Williams, “Bethany,” and “Elysium,” by F. R. Ellicott (Novello). We shall return to these later, as also to a set of compositions for the pianoforte by Senor Albeniz, the well-known Spanish artist (C. Ducci and Co.). We shall say no more at the moment than that they appear to be much above the usual level, and characterised by much Spanish grace and fire.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

Is the Beautiful without us, or is it not rather within us? What we call sweet and bitter is our own sweetness, our own bitterness, for nothing can be sweet or bitter without us. Is it not the same with the Beautiful? The world is like a rich mine full of precious ore, but each man has to assay the ore for himself before he knows what is gold and what is not. What then is the touchstone by which we assay the Beautiful? We have a touchstone for discovering the Good. Whatever is unselfish is good. But that applies to moral beings only—to men and women, not to Nature at large. And though nothing can be beautiful, whether in the acts of men or in the works of Nature, except what in some sense or other is good, not everything that is good is also beautiful. What then, is that something which added to the good makes it beautiful? . . . It is a great mystery. . . . The ideal of what is beautiful is within us; that is all we know; how it came there, we shall never know. . . . What is beautiful in heaven and earth is of our own making, our own remembering, our own believing. But he who sees it once, too near, face to face, eye to eye, blest as he may feel in his own soul, soon grows blind to everything else. The world calls him dazed and foolish.—*Max Müller*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PIANOFORTE LEVER-KEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: I fear that to gain what you suggest would involve greater sacrifice than profit. I fully agree that were it practicable it would be a boon to pianists whose work demands something more than mere mechanism. I do not share Mr. Newman's affection for the lever (*à propos*: What connection have pianoforte mechanism and Pachmann? Could not the agile little pantomimist perform his antics as well before a deal table as a piano?) I admit all your objections to it; but, of two evils choosing the least, I would cling to the lever in preference to the complicated mechanism in which an attempt to abolish it would result, and which could only have this effect: It would deprive the artist of what he prizes most—the power of communicating to the hammer the sensations dictated to the finger by the brain or soul. Such a remedy could be easily applied to the organ, where, of course, it would be superfluous.

The chief difficulty I experience, is, not so much in adapting my fingers to the differences of touch on the same keyboard, as in adapting them to the difference between one keyboard and another. Steinway reduced the difference to which you (and I) object, to a minimum, his key responds to the intention of the finger as nearly as I imagine any humanly devised mechanism possibly can or could. The reflection that Theodore Steinway, who left no other feature of the piano unperfected, could devise no substitute for the lever, confirms me in the impression that none is practicable. Unfortunately, the Stradivarius of the piano has followed his brother of the fiddle, so we cannot ascertain his views on the subject; but the fact that he left it untouched is, I think, conclusive.

It is seldom indeed that I disagree with my MUSICAL WORLD, indeed in this matter we are in accord, differing only in opinion as to the possibility or desirability of a remedy.

Annan, N.B.

E. D.

M. VAN DYCK.

Ernest Marie Hubert van Dyck, who is, as his name indicates, a Fleming, was born of wealthy parents, at Antwerp, on April 2nd, 1861. In common with many celebrated musicians, he was at first destined for the law, and for some time studied jurisprudence in Louvain and Brussels. But his great musical gifts and his love for the art could not be hidden under a bushel; wherever he sang, his wonderful voice created so great a sensation, that, in spite of the opposition of his family, he started for Paris to obtain lessons in singing. Professor Bax St. Yves was his master, and under his tuition he made rapid progress. While in Paris, as a means of increasing his income sufficiently to allow him to continue his studies, the young Belgian became sub-editor of the newspaper "La Patrie." In 1883 Jules Massenet accidentally heard Herr Van Dyck sing at a private party, and was so much struck with his voice that he requested him there and then to undertake, as substitute for a sick tenor, the soli in the cantata "Le Gladiateur," by Paul Vidal, which was to be given at the Institut de France under Massenet's management. Within two hours Van Dyck studied the part and sang it, with such success that he aroused the keen interest of the music-loving Parisians. Engaged by Charles Lamoureux, the meritorious champion of Wagner's art in Paris, for the term of four years for the Wagner concerts of which he was manager, Van Dyck sang Tristan and Siegmund in selections from "Tristan und Isolde" and "Die Walküre;" and in 1887 he took the part of the Knight of the Swan in the representation of "Lohengrin," under M. Lamoureux, which caused so much excitement in Paris owing to political opposition, but which, nevertheless, formed a golden epoch in Wagnerian art. There he was heard by Herr Levi and Herr Gross of Bayreuth, and they induced him to undertake the part of Parsifal in the Bayreuth Festival of 1888. For this he was thoroughly drilled by Herr Felix Mottl, and so great was his success as the "reine Thor," that he was re-engaged for the same part this year. He has proved himself to be, without doubt, the finest representative of the character who has yet arisen, Winkelmann himself not excepted. Since 1888 he has been engaged at the Royal Opera at Vienna. Herr Van Dyck, who married in 1886, the daughter of the violoncello player François Servais, is knight of the Baden order of the Lion of Zähringen, and officer of the Academy of France.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

COVENT GARDEN.

The classical programme on Wednesday was of a somewhat fragmentary character, including, as it did, the overture to "Euryanthe," two movements from Haydn's "clock" Symphony, the Scherzo and Finale from Schumann's Op. 52, and Goetz's Symphony in F. By far the best performance was that of Goetz's delightful work, though the first and last movements were taken, perhaps, a shade too slowly; the other numbers received a fair measure of justice, the "Euryanthe" overture obtaining the most, and the "clock" movement and minuet from Haydn's Symphony the least successful renderings. The pianist was Madame Roger-Mielos, who fully maintained her great reputation in Beethoven's Concerto in C minor; the only blot on a fine performance was the exaggeration into which the artist's self-consciousness occasionally led her. The vocalists were Madame Belle Cole, Madlle. Colombati, and Mr. Barrington Foote, who were respectively heard in songs by Sullivan, Mozart, and Gounod.

It was a happy thought of Mr. Freeman Thomas to announce that the whole of the first part of last Monday's programme would be devoted to selections from Wagner's works, for it is certain—as the large audience abundantly proved—that at the present day there is no more popular composer, and no safer "draw." The Overture and "Waltz Lento," from "Die Meistersinger," termed on the programme, funnily enough, "La Cavalcata," the March from "Tannhäuser," and an excellent selection by Signor Arditì from "The Flying Dutchman" were in each case listened to with the closest attention and heartily applauded, the Walkürenritt being received with such especial favour that Signor Arditì was induced to repeat it. We were not always able to agree with Signor Arditì's tempi, notably in the "Meistersinger" excerpts; but, despite occasional slips, signs of careful rehearsal were not wanting, and the audience was not disposed to be critical. The pronounced success of last Monday's concert should make it the precursor of similar ones.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Mr. Leslie is to be congratulated on the excellent programme of Friday last, the first "classical" night of the season. The principal feature of a scheme remarkable for diversity and catholicity was a performance of Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony which would have reflected credit on a concert of far higher artistic pretension, Signor Bevignani's fine orchestra playing with a fire, precision, and delicacy hitherto rarely associated with Promenade Concerts. The other orchestral pieces included Mozart's "Zauberflöte" Overture, a movement from Schubert's "Rosamunde" music, and Massenet's Prelude "Le dernier sommeil de la Vierge," in which last the fine tone and phrasing of the "strings" were particularly admirable. The programme was further strengthened by the assistance of such distinguished artists as Mr. Edward Lloyd, who gave with the utmost beauty of voice and style the "Preislied" from "Die Meistersinger;" M. Pachmann, who was heard in pieces by Rubinstein, Chopin, and Liszt; and M. Tivadar Nachez, who played the first movement of Beethoven's Violin Concerto. It is pleasant to add that the crowded house made the concert as successful in a commercial sense as it certainly was in an artistic one.

PROVINCIAL.

BRISTOL.—All the established musical institutions will soon be actively engaged. One after another they are making preparations for forthcoming concerts, and programmes are being made up for the season. The choirs of the Musical Festival Society and the Bristol Musical Association have been called together, and a few weeks hence the Bristol Orchestral Society and the recently-established Choral Society will assemble. Among the new ventures contemplated during the coming musical season is a series of chamber concerts to be given at the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, by Mr. Theo. Carrington, the prince of local violinists, and formerly leader of the Crystal Palace orchestra. This gentleman gave a few concerts in a different part of Clifton up to Christmas last, when they abruptly ceased. The series he is about to undertake will be somewhat on the lines of those to which he treated the musical public last year. Mr. Carrington will be assisted by artists of the highest class, and many new and attractive features will no doubt be embraced in his scheme.

The Greatest of all Pianofortes. THE STEINWAY PIANOFORTES. New York & London.
The Greatest of all Pianofortes. THE STEINWAY PIANOFORTES. New York & London.
The Greatest of all Pianofortes. THE STEINWAY PIANOFORTES. New York & London.

The Dramatic World.

"THE MIDDLEMAN."

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28TH, 1889.

MY DEAR MR. FIELDMOUSE,—

Another stride in advance! Of a truth this 1889 is a wonderful year in the history of our modern English stage. After the "Profligate" and Ibsen we have a serious English play, turning on a vexed question of political economy; and it is a success!

Surely the soul of Mr. William Archer must rejoice. Is the frivolous English theatregoer about to take thought and mend? Is the native dramatist, having forsworn adaptation from the French, going to live cleanly and remember his ancient function as a teacher of morals? To paint the beauties of virtue (and her practical advantages), and to show vice in its native deformity, were undoubtedly held to be the first duties of the tragedian of the Greek and the French theatres. *C'est là proprement le but que tout homme qui travaille pour le public se doit proposer: et c'est ce que les premiers poètes tragiques avaient en vue sur toute chose*—said Racine. And Ibsen, in a fashion of his own, goes and does likewise.

It is doubly remarkable that this, the first controversial play dealing with a serious theme which has been received with enthusiasm by a London first-night audience, should be one written on distinctly Socialistic lines. The theatre is generally the most conservative of all the arts—the English theatre of to-day, at any rate; but on Tuesday night boxes, pit, and gallery broke into wild applause after each act of a drama which unmistakably taught the main lesson of the Socialists—that the present relations between capital and labour need alteration.

Will you come from your country home, dear Mr. Fieldmouse, to see a play whose story is merely that of an unpractical inventor, who has been "exploited" by an unscrupulous (but stupid) capitalist, turns the tables on him with a second invention which spoils the market of the first, and makes better terms with a new capitalist? This is the plot of the play—though with it is intertwined a story of seduction and revenge—and I can assure you that there was no such plot to be found five years ago in any piece running successfully in London.

And, let me beg you to notice, it is distinctly this feature of the play which (aided by some excellent acting) has made its success. I remember that in our old talks on the drama we used to test a play by its plot, its character-drawing, and its dialogue: and only included as a minor feature of plot or characters their moral tendency—such heretics had the spirit of the age made us! But here is Mr. Jones, I won't say preaching a sermon which succeeds simply *quâ* sermon—but succeeding by the force of "strong situations" which are mainly strong because of their moral earnestness.

For the plot, as a plot, is threadbare, apart from the position of the old inventor; and in that even there is nothing essentially new, but that it is made to bring out clearly the evils of the capitalist-Middleman. The *scène à faire* of the play—the great scene of the invention among the lurid ovens of the pottery—reminds one of the last act of Augier's "Un Beau Mariage," and of Tom Taylor's "Arkwright's Wife" (another play in which political economy was admirably taught, but, alas! to inattentive listeners). Moreover, in the working out of this somewhat elderly plot there are several crudities, many things which should be explained, but are not.

For the character-drawing, except in the two chief parts—and perhaps in the clever sketch of Batty Todd, the managing man—

it does not exist. The comic young lady is, indeed, worse than non-existent: she is an exaggeration of an offensive stagerope, and the imagination refuses to accept the possibility that any sane man could be in love with her.

Even the two chief characters are faultily drawn. Perhaps Mr. Willard may have too strongly accentuated the gentleness and the feebleness of the old inventor in the early scenes; but it is certain that the transformation of Caleb Plummer into King Lear came as a shock to most of the audience. They would have liked to see a nobler view taken of their hero; they had hoped for something better than a vindictive and visionary scheme of revenge.

The other great character, the Middleman himself, was meant by the author to be a weaker and a stupider man, I take it, than Mr. Mackintosh makes him. There is an interest in this actor's personality, a ring of manliness in his splendid voice, which give a strength to Joseph Chandler that should (I fancy) hardly be his by right. However this may be—whether the man is a great or only a feeble villain—the practical audience declines to believe that he has not feathered his nest too well to be asking for "a little place" so soon after the high-tide of his prosperity. At least £100,000 would have been settled on Mrs. Joseph Chandler!

For the dialogue, it is no doubt far above the average. Lacking the brilliancy of Mr. Grundy, the originality and imagination of Mr. Pinero, Mr. Jones at his best—and he is quite at his best in "The Middleman"—gives us earnest and effective lines, and satire which is often as telling as it is true.

The earnestness of the thing—that is what one comes back to, as its most welcome feature, and as the fountainhead of its success. This is good news, is it not, for you, my friend, who always held in horror the plays of the late H. J. Byron, "because they assumed that the only serious business of the world was making puns." Yet it is news that not everyone will take to be good that now, when a hundred thousand men are on strike in the streets of London, a play should be produced which seriously discusses the relations between capital and labour; I am by no means sure, indeed, that the every-night playgoer has yet reached the point needful to make of "The Middleman" a great financial success—though the first-night playgoer had on Tuesday one of his paroxysms of goodnature. But I do seriously think that it is an excellent thing for the British stage that its dramatists should have discovered—however late in the day—that there are other interests in life besides those of idyllic lovemaking between young men and maidens, and the illicit passions of bold bad men for married women.

Most men, and very many women, devote all their thought and energy during the best hours of six days in the week, for many years in their lives, to their business, and not to lovemaking, or even (*pace* H. J. Byron aforesaid) to making puns. Why should the stage take no note of such matters—of all matters, indeed, political, artistic, commercial, religious, and even domestic, in which "sexual interest" is not found? The dramatist's theory of life has been exactly one-half the Darwinian: Natural Selection has been treated exhaustively—within the limits of propriety—while the Struggle for Existence has been altogether ignored.

Let us hope that a better time is beginning; and come to town, my old friend, as soon as you may, to behold one of its harbingers. Not only for the play's sake, either; but to see some excellent acting, of which I have left myself too little room to tell you.

Of the strength of Mr. Mackintosh's playing I have spoken; but Mr. Willard, as he has "*the* part," gives us undoubtedly the performance of the piece. There is an infinite pathos in his picture of the dreamy, shambling, tender, half-humorous, and very dirty inventor; and when power is needed it is there in full

measure. There is no hysteria, no exaggeration, nothing that is maudlin and yet nothing that is half-hearted or ineffective in Cyrus Blenkarn's great scenes; there is the ring of real power and of true sympathy in the voice of the striving, desperate man.

The rest have little chance, but a Mr. Esmond shows, I think, very high promise, together with faults which need to be corrected. His attitudes were abominable; his voice, and the heart in it, could hardly have been better. Miss Maud Millett was full of charm and sympathy, but perhaps lacked strength a little; Miss Annie Hughes principally lacked a good part. A quartette of charming girls was completed by Miss Agnes Verity—who had to do very little and did it very prettily—and Miss Eva Moore, who had to do nothing at all. For the rest, Mr. Cane had a good sketch of character; and Mr. Garden but little opportunity as the usual funny man.

But, on the whole, a stride in advance! Come, see it, my Mr. Fieldmouse, with your *fidus Achates*, your

MUS IN URBE.

THE DRAMATISTS.

II.—ÆSCHYLUS. "THE AGAMEMNON."

Telling, very briefly, the lives of the great dramatists of the world, we propose to follow each Life by an—equally brief—analysis of one of the poet's masterpieces.

For Æschylus, let us take the "Agamemnon," the first part of the Orestean trilogy. We take a single play rather than the entire trilogy, as it corresponds more nearly in length to a modern drama, and as it is, in a way, complete in itself. Æschylus himself was the first to combine three plays carrying on the same story into a trilogy; and thus the "Agamemnon," without the succeeding "Choëphoræ" and "Eumenides," may be taken as representing an entire Greek play before the date of this innovation.

It will be noticed that throughout the play more than two people never take part in a dialogue; the action is carried on entirely in soliloquies, or *scènes à deux*, (counting the Chorus as one,) with but one exception, at the very end.

There is nominally no change of place; though in the "Eumenides" the scene shifts, once at least. The "unity of time," too, is merely nominal; Æschylus and Sophocles have both, like Shakespeare, a double system of time—they play false, and let hours or days or weeks slip by while their characters stand talking on the stage. Thus, in this play, the old Herald Agamemnon make the long journey from Troy to Argos in a few minutes, appearing just after the beacon has announced the fall of Troy!

Perhaps no other play begins with the magnificent picturesqueness of the "Agamemnon." The Watchman stands alone in the starry night, upon his lofty platform by the mountain-palace of the Atreides. He is weary with his year-long watch, night after night, summer and winter, for the beacon-light which is to tell of the fall of Troy.

Even as he watches, the signal at last flames forth along the dark sky. He shouts joyfully, to awake the Queen Clytemnestra with the news of victory, and of the approaching return of her husband, Agamemnon, leader of the Grecian army.

Then enter the Chorus, old men of Argos, who have not heard the news. They tell at great length the story of the expedition against Troy, which started ten years ago; and condemn Agamemnon for sacrificing his daughter to Diana, even though it were for the good of the whole army.

To them comes the Queen, apparently rejoicing in her husband's return. She describes the passing of the fiery signal from mountain-top to mountain-top, in the magnificent passage imitated by Macaulay in his "Armada." She speaks wisely of the fall of Troy; and the Chorus moralise on the event.

Then comes the Herald, and greets his native shore. He announces the return of the King, and speaks of the miseries of war.

Agamemnon appears; and his wife, instead of waiting with womanly decorum in the house, greets him here with a set harangue of welcome. Against his will, she persuades the hero to tread upon a carpet of purple

garments as he enters his home—a display of pride which may call down punishment from the gods.

As Agamemnon goes in, the Chorus utter forebodings of evil. Clytemnestra follows her husband, after a few haughty words to the beautiful slave Cassandra, whom the King has brought in his chariot.

Silent till the Queen has gone, Cassandra then bursts into a lamentation of infinite pathos. She prophesies unutterable woe to herself and to the husband of the guilty woman who has left them; she scents the murder which a few moments will bring about, she sees the Furies revelling in the house of doom.

The old men forbid her to speak words of evil omen; but soon the cry of the murdered King is heard. Then (in a chorus of surpassing absurdity) they debate what shall be done.

Then the proud Clytemnestra comes, declares the deed, and defends and glories in it. She has killed Cassandra too; and her unholy rejoicings alternate with the wailing refrain of the Chorus.

In the last scene of all, Ægisthus, the paramour of the Queen, exults in the murder of his rival. The old men boldly reproach him, but their Queen rebukes them, and proclaims Ægisthus and herself rulers of the house and of Argos.

So ends the Agamemnon; in the two plays which complete the trilogy is told the story of Orestes, son of the murdered man, who comes to avenge his father. With none of the hesitation of Hamlet he slaughters his guilty mother and her accomplice; and the third play shows what one may call his purgation—a kind of descent into hell, with a terrific Chorus of sleeping furies dreaming of their prey.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Last Saturday, at the Vaudeville, was the first night of a new comedietta called "The Postscript," but not the first performance thereof—for the little piece was played at a *matinée* some time ago, and was then favourably received and reviewed. On its original production it had the advantage of an almost ideal "cast;" its four parts were played by Miss Carlotta Addison, Miss Rose Norreys, Mr. Brandon Thomas, and Mr. Lewis Waller. At the Vaudeville, though it is in the hands of very capable actors, they are not so exactly the *right* actors as were the original quartette; and the little play is one which needs to be very delicately treated—or not at all. On Saturday night, at all events, the audience showed a tendency to laugh where laughter was undesirable. Nevertheless its author—Mr. Hamilton Knight, a young actor now in Mr. Hare's company—may well be encouraged to write again.

Whatever be the merits of the "Postscript" and of its acting, it may fairly be doubted if it is the play that was needed to lift the curtain upon "In Danger," a piece which is from end to end thoroughly serious. The P.S.—a regard for space compels us to describe it thus, and to explain our reasons in a parenthesis of a couple of lines—is essentially a *comédie larmoyante*; the present programme at the Vaudeville might well commence with a really funny comedietta, or, if the polite audience of 1889 would but wink at it, a really "screaming" farce. Why, alas, is Mr. Toole the only man who now condescends to give us real farce—and to play in it himself?

Apropos of "In Danger," the aforesaid serious drama. It had been held, it seems, by certain people, who are serious also in their way, but who dislike morality on the stage, and make a point of calling it immorality; it had been held, it seems, by these good people, that some scenes in the first act of this play, wherein wicked people were shown in their habit as they live, were too outspoken and had therefore the one fault held to be fatal on the modern British stage; they were "unpleasant." As a concession, therefore, the stay of the heroines of the piece in a gambling-hell of the worst character has been reduced from three months to three weeks; and the play certainly loses nothing dramatically, while the "unco guid" are—perhaps—better pleased with it. A much more important alteration has been made at the end of the second act; also, one is glad to notice, with success.

A Sunday paper announced that Mr. John Hare was going to produce Mr. Wills's version of "Esmond" at the Garrick Theatre early in October. On Monday a friend met Mr. Hare and asked him whether this production was really to take place. "I'm sure I don't know," said the manager. "I've heard nothing of it."

From what we hear, we are much inclined to doubt whether Mr. Wills has yet set pen to paper; and "Esmond" is not an easy novel to dramatise, nor is Mr. Wills—if fame says true—the promptest of playwrights. Moreover, the ready paragraphers seem to forget that "La Tosca" is to be the next production at the Garrick—when it is needed; and that, considering the popularity of "The Profligate," it is very likely not to be needed till Christmas.

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And "Woodbarrow Farm," and all the other plays which Mr. Hare is said to have purchased: what of them, when shall we see them, where are they? This is the modern author's fate. He writes a play—and he says, "Behold, I have done my work"; and takes a holiday, and goes to Margate (at least). Then he sends his play to all the managers, and some return it and some do not; and if he is very lucky so many do not return it that he loses all his copies, and the play disappears. Otherwise, at last he gives a *matinée*; or some unhappy person gives a *matinée* for him. Then, if he is lucky, the play is promptly damned and so disappears. But if, by sheer misfortune, the play succeeds on that one afternoon, many managers run after it and offer fabulous sums and then change their minds; and at last one buys it—paying something "in advance," but not too much. And then the play *does* disappear; and they write over it *Requiescat in pace*—but not *Resurgam*.

FOREIGN NOTES.

The Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie at Brussels seems determined not to lose its character for enterprise in the production of novelties. The management hopes to produce in the course of the coming season not only the "Salambô" of M. Ernest Reyer, but a new opera, "Briséis," which M. Emanuel Chabrier is on the point of finishing.

**

As the rage for juvenile prodigies, produced in single glory, seems to show some signs of diminution, an attempt is apparently about to be made to keep up the sensation by producing them *en bloc*. This, at least, is what we infer from a paragraph in the Paris "Figaro," which announces the arrival of an orchestra of Viennese young ladies, aged mostly from 12 to 18, but including some "enfants" whose age is not specified. This "angelic orchestra" executes chiefly the dance-music of Fahrback, Strauss, Gung'l, &c., and their performance is said to be highly original. The idea certainly is—can it be the difficulty of procuring partners which has thus turned the ladies into performers on the fingers instead of on the toes?

**

The oldest "Gesangbuch" of the kingdom of Saxony, printed at Zwickau (the birthplace of Schumann) in 1552, and containing among other things thirteen hymns by Luther, has been carefully reprinted from the only existing original copy, which is in the library of Zwickau. The melodies are printed in the notation of their original epoch. The next oldest Protestant hymn-book of Germany was also printed at Zwickau in 1528, and of this also only a single copy is known to exist, which is now in the Royal Library at Dresden.

**

At Frankfort, the "Götterdämmerung" has just been added to the repertoire of the opera-house, and the four parts of the "Ring" are now being played in their proper order. At Dresden and Munich also, complete performances of the "Ring" have just been commenced, and the season at Stettin will open with the "Rheingold." In the face of such facts as these is it not a little absurd to pretend that the taste for Wagner's later works is limited to the small (?) circle of worshippers at Bayreuth?

**

Rumour says that half a million marks have already been promised towards building a theatre on the Bayreuth model at Brussels. But rumour is not always to be trusted.

**

The performance of the "Ring des Nibelungen" at the German Opera House, Dresden, began on Saturday, 24th inst., with a fine representation of "Das Rheingold." The house was well filled, and the work was received with enthusiastic applause. The cyclis terminates on Saturday, 31st.

The Organ World.

CORRESPONDENCE.

REPLY TO PROFESSOR STANFORD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: Professor Stanford's ridicule of what he calls my niceties of exegesis raises a far more important question than whether Mr. Harford's suggestions to musicians respecting the words of the Nicene Creed are of the right kind or not? And that is whether those who have studied the Services and Hymns of the Church in their original languages, and carefully observed the difficulties that attend the setting of certain portions of them should give young composers the result of their investigations or not? Shall, for instance, the traditional errors commonly found in English settings of the Te Deum and the Nicene Creed be transmitted to another generation? or shall those who have specially studied the cause of those errors give all possible explanation (pardon me if I use the English word instead of the Greek) to their contemporaries about them?

The late Doctor Wordsworth told me in 1862 that he did not know one Nicene Creed in English that was wholly free from errors, and with that view he impressed upon me (for three reasons, which though directly affecting the present question I prefer not mentioning) the duty of attempting to set it. That any careful explanation of difficulties leads to "fads" may be strongly doubted. Generally speaking, the best way to prevent people from adopting foolish views is to pour knowledge into them. Knowledge will, we know, sometimes puff up small minds: but Ignorance will almost always puff them up still more.

But leaving the speculative region into which the Professor's remark might carry our thoughts,—we will, if you please, fix our attention upon what is unquestionably a reality, having been publicly known as such for several years. The eye takes things in more readily than the ear,—I will, therefore, whilst endeavouring to justify the views to which Doctor Stanford objects, illustrate my defence by printed passages taken from the Professor's own setting of the Creed. Every one can thus form an opinion respecting the propriety or the uselessness of what I advanced in my Article of August 3 and letter of August 10.

Nos. 1 and 2 of my suggestions are to the effect that the Priest ought to give out the commencement of the Creed and the Choir to take it up without allowing a decided gap to intervene. These recommendations—the Professor says—are inconsistent. "The fact of the priest singing the leading phrase must cause a break between "God" and "the Father"; at least if Mr. Harford adopts the authorised intonation for the priest."

PRIEST.

I be - lieve in one God, The

ORGAN.

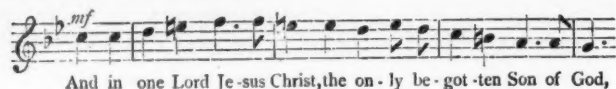
Firmly and not too slow.

Now,—to exemplify one way of preventing the hiatus seen here;—Remove the pause from the semibreve: carry that note on as a dotted minim through the greater part of the next bar: and there will no longer be a breach of union between the voices of Priest and People.

No. 3. The musical accent should be in accordance with the verbal; and what elocutionist in any English-speaking country will sanction the absence of emphasis upon the first syllable of 'invisible' when contrasted with 'visible'? N.B.—The proper accentuation of 'invisible' in this place should be as follows:—In-visible.

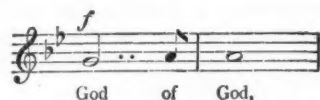
vi - si - ble and in - vi - si - ble:

No. 4. Few composers, dealing with the Sacred Name of JESUS, seem to remember that all bow here in the Nicene Creed. Music should at least attempt to express this Reverence.

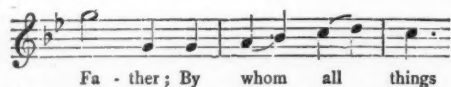


No. 5. From the point of view of accent, the Sonship of The Eternal WORD is perhaps sufficiently expressed here.

No. 6. This notation brings out prominently the dreadful error 'DEUM DEI,' which, being impiety—however unintentional—ought never to be uttered anywhere—much less in a church. The opposite fault of over-emphasising the preposition has already been pointed out. However absurd such an exaggerated reading, it may of course be used by those choirs and congregations who have grown accustomed to it.



Nos. 7 and 7*. Did we not actually see this passage, it would be hard to believe that two such saddening mistakes could be committed in two bars and a half! Of what use is it to place a semicolon after the word FATHER; if the musical notation compels the singers to connect that word immediately with 'By whom'? No amount of breathing will get over this. Let us suppose, if you will, with Dr. Stanford—that "the place to explain the meaning of words or passages is the catechist's class not the composer's music-paper." What can an unhappy catechist do in this instance but say to his pupils:—'The meaning of this passage is that all things were created by agency of The Divine Word, but the composer of this setting seems to have thought otherwise.' No. If a composer directly misleads the unfortunates who have to perform his music the fault lies with him alone: he has no right to shift the blame upon any one else—least of all the catechist and singers. If we go back 200 years we shall find that 'The FATHER, by Whom' was a very general mistake; but happily it is rarely found in Creeds set during the last quarter of a century.



No. 7.* Can we believe our eyes as we read "By Whom all | things were made? How unusually hideous is this stress, which mars both the meaning and the beauty of this grand passage, and is a fault which but few ushers in a good grammar school would allow their pupils to make a second time with impunity when reciting the Creed. Will you, Mr. Editor, if you think fit, allow an extra Hint (No. 7 with an asterisk) to be added to those already published. "Be careful to express properly 'By whom | all things were made.'"

No. 8. It is no uncommon thing to hear in ordinary parlance emphasis wrongly thrown upon adverbs, as upon prepositions, e.g. 'rise up,' 'get out': but this accident happens less frequently amongst those persons who have weighed the relative importance of verb and adverb. There are of course cases—those for instance where contrast is strongly expressed—when the adverb may be said to change the verb by creating a new verbal meaning and therefore removes the accent from its natural place on the verb: e.g. 'I will go up and he shall come down': but no contrast is understood or implied in 'came down from Heaven.'"

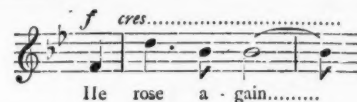


Looking to the differing opinions that have been expressed by the three learned scholars to whom the question of accentuation was referred last week, it will be safest, I think, Mr. Editor, to recommend equal accent in this place. I can therefore have the pleasure of yielding partly to the Professor's views—and will ask you to alter memorandum 8, thus;—'Give equal

accent, when you can, to 'came' and 'down.' All you have to avoid is emphasising the adverb at the expense of the verb.'

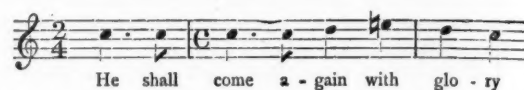
The objection to No. 9 I answered in my last letter.

No. 10 has been sufficiently confirmed. 'Again' should not be brought into such prominence as to suggest the idea of Our Lord's Resurrection being for the second time.



No. 13. I heartily approve of equal accent whenever it can be obtained. My warning was against the accentuation of 'Hand' at the expense of 'Right.' This memorandum will therefore be modified as No. 8.

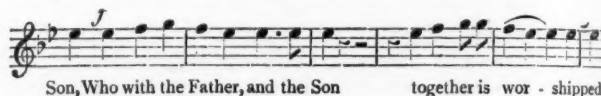
No. 14. Mr. Pincott, of the Asiatic Society, makes a good suggestion that composers should suppose commas before and after 'with Glory.'



No. 16. One eminent Master has actually thrown a stress on the auxiliary here. Hence the cause of inserting this seemingly puerile and unnecessary memorandum.

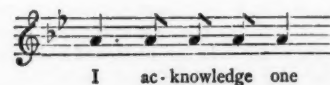
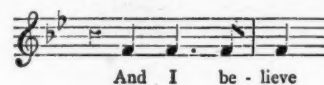
No. 17. Looking to past and present renderings of this passage we may surmise that the fitting Reverence here will not very often be overdone. In 1863 Mr. Turle said approvingly to one who shewed him a new setting of the Creed:—'Yours is the only one I can remember that takes special notice of The HOLY SPIRIT.'

No. 19. There ought to be no confusion here—no doubt whatsoever that the HOLY SPIRIT, not The Son, is the Antecedent to 'Who.'

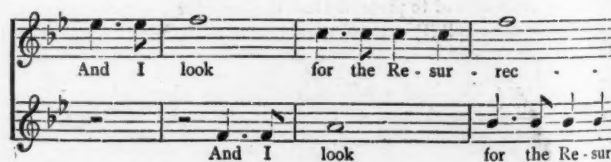


No. 20 (misplaced in list as 21). "Together is worshipped" seems very faulty if not altogether impossible English.

No. 22. The stress on the personal pronoun suggests too much a contrast with other persons, a meaning which the original Greek does not warrant.



Nos. 23 and 24. Such a lengthy dwelling upon 'look' suggests the idea of a long gaze rather than hopeful expectation. "And I look for" if properly accentuated will produce an equally good or superior musical 'point'—and both the beauty and the meaning of the word will be brought out. The Professor says that the accentuation I have proposed for this phrase is 'an impossibility.' The only answer I can give to this is that I will submit a noted sketch of my plan to two renowned Professors of Music—and acquaint you with the verdict they pass upon it. . . .



The chief points in Professor Stanford's attack have now been considered—fully enough I hope for practical purposes. It is tedious work going over old ground when you know well that nothing new will come out of it, and the quantum of knowledge acquired through this attack is, I grieve to say, very inconsiderable indeed. Two memoranda, Nos. 8 and 13, have

been very slightly modified, 'equal accent' being now recommended for 'came down' and 'Right Hand'; and one new caution, No. 7*, 'not to place an ugly stress on things' has been added; but, so far as I can see, that is all the gain that has been obtained for the benefit of those about to set the Creed to music.

The necessity, however, of putting forward what will seem to the general public *superfluous* and even *silly* rules has now been established. If Doctors of Music generation after generation make so many serious and strange errors, young composers must be warned against following these deluding precedents.

With respect to the Professor's taunts—or, rather, assertions, 1st, that I am unacquainted with the simpler bar lines used by "the Antients" (which term he applies in two instances to the "polyphonic masters" of "Tudor and Stuart times"), and 2ndly that I am forgetful of the comparatively colourless nature of 'alla capella' music,—I feel bound to say that both of these statements have been made without any knowledge of me, save by hearsay,—and—that they are incorrect.

My earliest reminiscences of Plain-Song date from music heard in the Sistine Chapel, when, as a boy of fourteen, I passed the winter in Rome (Christmas 1845—Easter '46). Since then I have learnt to love Gregorian music equally with our own 'Anglican.' In 1870 I enjoyed the privilege of conversation on this subject with the Venerable Capo Coro of the Vatican (Monsignore Mustafa). In the same year I took letters of introduction from the Principal of the 'Old Music Society' at Florence to renowned Church musicians in Ravenna and other places; and—as an anecdote interesting to some of your readers—I may mention that on my way home through Milan that same year, during an evening passed with Boucheron, the great Organist of the Cathedral, I ventured to speak strongly of the differences apparent in certain specimens of 'alla capella' music. He expressed his approval of what I had said, adding that "Sacred Music ought to be neither a lifeless skeleton, nor a lively damsel of seventeen, but should rather resemble a young matron, of twenty-five or thirty, full of dignity and grace." He said "If you will remain here until the day after to-morrow (i.e., over Sunday) you shall hear my Mass sung in the Duomo."

Happily I can say to Professor Stanford that whilst I profess dislike to those poor specimens of Plain-Song—which I mentioned in my letter to you printed on July 27th,—and consider them to be only 'mock' antiques,—I am a hearty admirer of his talent, the excellent fruits of which are pronounced everywhere most enjoyable,—that I feel assured the Nicene Creed from his Communion Service is by no means a fair example of his rare ability,—and that he can, whenever it suits him to do so, write another—worth three of this one,—written twelve years ago.

Furthermore, I respect Professor Villiers Stanford for having—what many have not—the courage to express his opinions honourably and openly; and I feel obliged to him for having criticised my imperfect suggestions respecting badly expressed points in the Nicene Creed; inasmuch as those 'memoranda' were put forward not only with the view of warning young composers against errors continually made year after year, but also for the purpose of inviting discussion concerning the treatment of English words in Sacred Services and obtaining better opinions than my own respecting vexed questions of accentuation, such as those which have now been occupying our attention.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

FREDERICK K. HARFORD.

P.S.—A small matter has been omitted which can hardly perhaps be called small, as it touches the memory of one of our best English musicians. Being surprised to hear that Dr. Wesley in the Preface to his Service in E "somewhat ironically dignified certain musico-clerical officials with the" title of "Chief Musicians," I have during the last week—on two occasions—examined that Preface, but fail to find the expression—marked by Dr. Stanford as a quotation—i.e., between inverted commas. It certainly seems strange that Dr. Wesley—generally accurate enough—should so loosely have misapplied this term, which—by the bye—if we consider its origin—cannot be used in the Plural at all.

The 'Chief Musician' in the Temple Services (cf. Jebb and others) was not a conductor of the Service or the singers, but a Leader, upon the little instrument called Neginoth, of the Levites who played the instrumental accompaniment to the singers. He would therefore be represented in modern times—not by the Precentor,—or one of the Musical Clergy,—but by the Organist. I see that Dr. Wesley says in one place,—“Not every member of a

Chapter who is pronounced in a Cathedral town to be "very musical" is competent to act with absolute wisdom in the affairs of Music," but this is a sensible remark containing nothing that can make it stand as an equivalent to the phrase we look for.

It will be best therefore to give a fuller examination, for the 3rd time, to the long Preface:—as, so far as can be seen from it at present,—this misused expression cannot with justice be fathered upon the late Doctor Wesley.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: The enclosed letters have been received from those to whom the question of the right accentuation on certain words was referred last week. You will see that I have marked those portions which have reference to this question.

I remain, faithfully yours,

FREDERICK K. HARFORD.

Opinion of Mr. CHURTON COLLINS, M.A. Oxon, Oxford Historical Lecturer, and one of the chief writers in the "Quarterly Review."

On point I.—'visible and invisible'—I think you are quite right. For this reason—when words are opposed for the sake of contrast the accent is thrown on that part of the words which constitutes the differentiating element. Thus, *visible* and *invisible*: definite and indefinite, limitable and illimitable; but if the words were not in contrast then the accent would simply fall on the anti-penultimate, and we should say indefinite invisible, illimitable.

On point two I think you are quite right, if 'also' were used it would simply ruin the rhythm of thousands of passages when it occurs in poetry and prose. Moreover, the *al* is an intensive adverb—adjective of quantity and so must be accented. The word was originally printed separately *al* (i.e. entirely) so.

On point three I do not agree with you. When the adverb or preposition forms the most emphatic element in the notion or idea expressed in the verb, or perhaps we may say importantly modifies the notion it ought to be accented—so *came down* from Heaven not *cāme dōwn*. So we should not say he *stept out* on to the lawn, but he *stept out* on to the lawn: not I am going *down* the hill, but I am going *down* the hill.

In 'rose again' I think you are quite right. So far from there being any special point on the 'again' it would be simply misleading to emphasise it.

Opinion of Mr. HENRY COPE CAULFIELD, M.A. Trin. Coll., Cam., J.P. for the Co. of Sussex.

When *visible* and *invisible* come together, there is, of course, an accent on the first syllable, for the sake of perspicuity.

So when you say "told and untold," there is a stress on the syllable *un* which would not be necessary in the word *untold* standing alone.

Also is grossly incorrect; as bad as to say *contrary*.

In "came down" I think no special stress or accent should come on the word "down." It vulgarizes it, in my opinion. "*Cāme down*" sounds very jumpy.

"He rose again" is a curious elliptical expression; easily understood and almost self-evident, and yet taking a certain amount of explanation. Certainly there should be no accent on the word "again," and any emphasis would be almost ridiculous. At the same time sacred and solemn words and phrases should always be treated with a certain slowness and deliberation; neither hurried nor emphasised in a conversational way. I should divide the emphasis between the two words, giving the advantage however to "rose."

Opinion of Mr. E. GILBERT HIGHTON, M.A. Cantab and Oxon, Secretary of the Royal Society of Literature.

SIR: To assert, as the Cambridge Professor of Music does, that "no person of education would venture to accentuate invisible upon the first syllable," and that to do so would be "to unwarrantably Latinize our system of pronunciation" is surely to exhibit a curious disregard of some of the leading principles upon which that pronunciation is based.

In the first place, in order to throw an accent, or, more properly speaking, a stress upon the first syllable, there is no occasion to remove the one which is already on the second; and in the next place, whenever a direct contrast is instituted between words of opposite meaning—the opposition

being created by a prefix or affix—a stress must always be laid upon the said prefix or affix. At the same time, there is no reason for elocutionary purposes, that we should alter the syllabic stress as existing in the uncompounded word, since in reality the vocal effect is produced by the slightest possible disconnection of the prefix—enunciating it indeed as if it were hyphenated—thus visible and in-visible. In the case of verbs which are followed by prepositional or more rarely adverbial affixes such as to “go in” to “come out,” or to “come down,” the affix though separated in form, is yet part and parcel of the verbal idea, and is consequently conjoined with it in an equalised enunciation, and receives no special stress, save, as I have said, in the event of contrast. Touching the phrase “Rose again,” the word “again” is not used in its sense of repetition, but in its sense of back; being, in fact, a translation of *re* in *resurgere*, and being therefore only one of the affixes above mentioned, and following the same rule. As regards the syllabic stress in “also” it is universally placed on the first syllable.

I am yours obediently,

E. GILBERT HIGHTON, M.A.

THE NICENE CREED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE “MUSICAL WORLD.”

SIR: Professor Stanford can write music, and he can also write English—pretty strong English, too, sometimes—which cannot be said of all who can write music.

Those interested in the subject now being ventilated in your columns will therefore rejoice that one who is in many ways so competent, and one holding so high an official position, should give the benefit of his criticism and the advantage of his advice.

At the same time, both his criticism and his advice are somewhat vitiated by the prejudice and animus which pervade his letter, and which are so evident in the last paragraph. I sadly fear—though I am an ardent admirer of Professor Stanford’s music—that, as regards the particular matter in question, he is a great offender—and this may in large measure account for the impatient ring of his attack. His Nicene Creed (in B flat) is one of the finest of modern settings; but the constant repetition of it—though ever adding to the fascination of its grandeur and pathos—never reconciles me to the obviously false accentuation of one of its finest passages—the *Deum Dei* instead of *Deum de Deo*, &c., and this, let the Professor say what he likes, is a very important point. Indeed, if such points as these are to be passed over or obscured in musical illustration, we may well ask whether or not there be any purpose in the picturesque or dramatic treatment of the Liturgy, and whether the exquisite monochrome of Palestrina and his school (to none more enduringly fascinating in its own region than to myself, but) equally suitable to the Liturgy and to the multiplication table, would not serve our purpose as well. Surely false accentuation in singing the Liturgy is as wrong in principle as the false accentuation in reading it against which Professor Stanford launches his diatribes. To excuse inattention to such points, under the plea that their proper treatment would be pedantic, is simply absurd. If we grant that the catechist’s class is the [proper] place to explain the meaning of the Latin “*de*” that is no reason why the explanation should be obliterated or contradicted by the composer every time the words are sung.

Some of Mr. Harford’s memoranda of advice appear to me to be hypercritical, or perhaps even a little childish. But, apart from detail, the subject is one greatly needing attention even by our very best Church writers.

The real question is, Are present-day writers to perpetuate in their own works conventional errors, simply because they have escaped the notice of their “elders and betters?” To endeavour to avoid this is neither to show disrespect to the latter nor cease to value and to use their incomparable settings. By all means let us reverence—and, moreover, reverently use—the best music of all ages. But let us in our modern advance—in music as in other things—build upon that which is eternal, leaving old faults and errors to die a natural death.

In any case, while it is undoubtedly true that an apparently false accent may result from laying a modern interpretation on the bar line,—no such excuse can be made in the case of “Stanford in B flat,” where presumably the bar line involves the “modern interpretation.”

No one feels more strongly than I do—and no one has expressed, both publicly and privately, the feeling more strongly than I have—how pitiable

are the “elocutionary shortcomings” of both “musico-clerical” officials and of most other clerics. For it may be most truthfully said that not one in a hundred of the clergy can read either the Liturgy or the Bible even tolerably. But Professor Stanford may be reminded that “two blacks do not make a white,” and that no amount of incompetence in the elocution of the clergy can affect the plain duty of the composer, which is to give the fullest significance to the idea he is illustrating both in colour and in accent. Mr. Harford may be right or he may be wrong in some of his views and in points of detail; but it is difficult to imagine a more proper occupation for a learned “musico-clerical” member of a Cathedral Chapter than to point out, to the best of his ability, to the less learned or less careful musician the lines on which his skill may most fitly be employed. I for one—though I am not personally acquainted with Mr. Harford and disagree with him on several points—am nevertheless greatly obliged to him for calling attention to a subject which need not necessarily degenerate into a “fad” because it has hitherto been so largely neglected.

But then—I am only a “MUSICO-CLERICAL” CORRESPONDENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE “MUSICAL WORLD.”

SIR: I have read with regret what I must, with all courtesy, term the inconsiderate letter of the Professor of Music of the University of Cambridge upon the very interesting and important subject now under discussion in your columns. It is disappointing, indeed, to find a gentleman, whose official position might be of such excellent influence in correcting the mischief of inarticulateness and confused expression generally, so widely spread in England both in speech and music, taking a sort of decided stand against efforts in that direction.

The Professor’s anxiety lest “niceties of exegesis” should grow into a “fad” is quite unintelligible. Exegesis is rather a solemn word; but it means only the correct understanding and explanation of admittedly difficult verbal material. How can any scholar protest, or seem even to object, to any amount of care, elegance, accurateness, or, if you will, “nicety,” in the doing of such work as that? Of course there may be eccentricity, exaggeration, whim even, in the performance of this or that interpreter. But England and Englishmen, at least, do not sin from excess of painstaking in the expression of their own meaning, or the effort to discover the meaning of others. One does not see, therefore, why any University Professor should come forward with gratuitous sneers of the kind implied in saying that verbal criticism may degenerate into a “fad,” which, let me be allowed to say, is one of those unpleasant words that had better be left altogether by any “English person of education” to the man in the street.

If the Professor had not been in such a hurry to protest against efforts with which, as I have suggested, he should be both personally and officially in sympathy, he would not have done himself the injustice of writing so confusedly as he has about musical and verbal details. What he says about the “bar line” is strange. With the “Ancients” it “facilitated the reading of the notes.” How this can have been is a puzzle indeed. Did the bar line make these “notes” more legible? If so, those black marks were magical indeed. More remarkable still is the potency of the “bar line” with us “moderns.” For us “it marks the accents.” If the Professor had not been in such a hurry to hit out at somebody he would never have said so strange a thing. His words mean that the bar line indicates the accents generally of the musical phrase, which, of course, is sheer nonsense that he does not mean. But he does really seem to suppose that the bar line indicates accent of some sort. It does nothing of the kind. Division of time, which is all that the “bar line” indicates, is quite a different thing from accent. The one thing is mechanical only, the other is part of the expression of the music. It is almost inevitable that some stress should be laid upon the opening notes of a “bar.” But this is because the “mechanical” is always at war with the “expressional” in music. It would never be done systematically in the execution of music, by any one with any pretensions to the name of artist.

This is no place for comprehensive treatment of the very serious questions of artistic principle and others involved in the discussion now going on in your paper. My present object has been on the one hand to guard your readers against deference to Mr. Stanford’s hasty utterances, as I see them in your last issue, and, on the other, to invite him to an exercise of his professional authority more effective because more worthy of his eminent abilities and opportunities.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

CANTAB.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: I have taken a great interest in the discussion raised about the rendering of the Nicene Creed, as it is a sign that there are people who are doing something to make composers recognise the fact that the words and the music of every piece should be harmonious and consistent.

I agree with Professor Stanford that points 1 and 2 are inconsistent. The leading phrase is "One," and "The Father Almighty" is simply an amplification of the preceding words. In both the Latin and Greek versions of this Creed there is a comma after *Deum* and *θεόν*; and in Blunt's "Commentary," after the words "I believe in One God," there is the following marginal note—"after these words followed a Rubric in 1549, *The clerks shall sing the rest.*"

Canon Harford says that he has referred points 3, 8 and 10 to "three scholars of high culture." My pretensions do not soar so high; but as a student and teacher of elocution I cannot conceive how there can be any doubt on these points. The proper accent for "invisible" here (as being antithetic to "visible") is invisible; that for "came down from Heaven" is "came [down]"; and that for "rose again" is *rose*. With all due deference to Professor Stanford, the accent of this last point cannot "depend on the phrasing of the singers," but on the sense; and if "again" is accented it would imply that Christ had risen once before.

6. "God of God" means "God proceeding from God"—*θεόν ἐκ θεού*—and, therefore, the accent should be on "of," and to put it there is not "pedantic" but correct. Besides, as a general rule, the emphasizing the same two words in succession weakens them.

I remain, sir, yours faithfully,

RUPERT GABRY.

NOTES.

Much has been said concerning the meagre congregations of City churches. St. Luke's, Old-street, however, is apparently an exception, as large attendances at the Sunday services would seem to be the rule. But, then, the organ in this church has some interesting associations. The churchwardens had a property left them by the Ironmongers' Company for church purposes, which grew into so large a sum that they did not know what to do with it; after much discussion it was decided that it should be spent on a large organ, to be built by Messrs. Gray and Davison. Now Davison was an old friend of the late Henry Smart, who at that time greatly desired to have the use of a large organ, and thus it was that not long after the giving of the order Henry Smart heard of the fine instrument that was being built, and the churchwardens received an application from him for the post of organist. It should be mentioned that the then organist of St. Luke's was blind, had given much dissatisfaction, and was deemed unfit to manipulate the new organ properly. Henry Smart was then a well-known man, and when he told the churchwardens that his chief object was to secure the use of a fine organ, and that he would therefore come for £250 per annum, they accepted his offer, and also agreed to his one stipulation, that sufficient money should be allowed him to pay a professional quartet in his choir. Once installed, his playing after the services attracted much attention, but one morning, after playing a selection from one of Mozart's masses, one of the churchwardens came up into the organ loft and "begged to inform Mr. Smart that they had decided that they could not have such jiggy stuff played in their church." "Very well, Sir," was the answer, "it shall be altered." Next Sunday dirge-like sounds proceeded from the organ, and the warden forthwith congratulated the player on the solemn and elevating effect of the music. "I am glad you like it," answered Henry Smart; "doubtless if I play it a little quicker you will see the reason why it affected you," and, suiting the action to the word, forthwith pealed out the then popular strains of "Jump Jim Crow!" After this Henry Smart played what he liked. It was in this organ loft that a young organ student received the following testimonial from Henry Smart:—"I have heard Mr. — perform an arrangement from Handel's "Messiah," and as Mr. — has introduced two shakes not marked in the music I have no doubt he is a finer musician than Handel."

The Hon. and Rev. J. S. Northcote was "read in" at St. Andrew's Church, Ashley-place, Victoria-street, Westminster, on Sunday morning last, when a large and fashionable congregation was present.

RECITAL NEWS.

URNEY, CO. TYRONE.—An interesting ceremony took place here on the 22nd inst.—viz., the inauguration by the Lord Bishop of Derry of a new organ, presented by Mr. Joseph Keterson, of Toronto, Canada. The services for the day began with a celebration of the Holy Communion at 8:30 a.m. Afternoon service, consisting of Shortened Evening Prayer, commenced at 12:30 p.m. The clergy who were present, including the Very Rev. the Dean of Derry, Rev. Canon Olphert, Rev. J. S. M'Clintock, Rev. F. Clarke, Rev. Edward Newland, Rev. Robert Burroughs, Rev. J. Greene, Rev. John Olphert, Rev. Edward O'Brien, Rev. J. C. Knox, Rev. A. H. Delap, and the Rev. W. F. Knox, preceded the Bishop up the aisle and took their places on either side of the chancel while Hymn 420 (Irish Hymnal) was being sung. Prayers were read by the Rev. Canon Olphert, rector of the parish. The Lesson was read by the Rev. John Olphert, curate of Derry Cathedral. The chants for the proper Psalms, the Magnificat, and Te Deum were rendered most effectively by the Sion Mills and Urney choirs. The Bishop offered up the prayer of Dedication, and in his usual eloquent manner gave a brief and stirring address on Psalm 150, v. 4, alluding in touching terms both to the gift and the donor, further adding the expression of his gratification at the great improvement in the services of the Church in the last thirty years, and the proofs of deep attachment shown to her by her children despite her impoverished state, and trusting that many a similar message of love might come from the "far west" in striking contrast to the expressions of hatred that have been so rife. The organ, which is quite in keeping with the beautiful little church, was played by the Rev. Jas. Armstrong, of Castlerock, who well exhibited its excellent qualities of tone, sweetness, and power with his well-known skill; it has two manuals and pedal organ, great organ and swell organ, 14 stops, enclosed in neat case of polished pine; the front pipes being decorated in gold and colour to harmonise with the tints prevailing in the decoration of the church. It was built by the eminent firm of Conacher and Co., of Huddersfield. The Rev. Jas. Armstrong kindly gave an organ recital at 3.30, at which many of the distinguished guests of the Rector were present. Amongst those present at the services we observed Her Grace the Duchess of Abercorn, Lady Beatrice Anson, Lady Heygate and Miss Heygate, Mrs. Smyly, Mr. and Mrs. Butler Stoney of Oakfield, Mr. and Mrs. Humphreys of Donoughmore, Mrs. Knox of Urney Park, Colonel Blacker, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Burroughs, H. S. Olphert, Esq., Mrs. Cochrane, Jas. Baird, Esq., and many others.

MARGATE.—An interesting organ recital was given by Mr. John C. Ward, at St. Paul's, Cliftonville, on Wednesday, 21st August. The programme was as follows, the vocal pieces being sung by Mr. John C. Ward and his daughter, Miss Clementine Ward:—Fugue, "St. Anns," Bach; recit. and air, "Deeper and deeper still," "Waft her, angels," Handel; new grand prelude and march, "Wedding Chimes," John C. Ward; recit. and air, "My heart is sorely pained," "O, for the wings of a dove," Mendelssohn; symphony No. 5 (in F), (1) Allegro vivace, (2) Allegro cantabile, (3) Andante quasi allegretto, (4) Adagio, (5) Toccata, Ch. Widor; duet, "The King of Love," Gounod; Persian march, J. Strauss. There was a large attendance, and the recital was much appreciated.

An organ recital was given in St. Peter's Church, Ashtabula, O., on Monday evening, July 22, 1889, by Mr. Augustus A. Aylward, assisted by Mrs. Harmon and Mrs. Holbrook. The following was the programme:—1, Wedding March (Mendelssohn); 2, Andante from 5th Sonata (Mendelssohn); 3, Song, "Save me O God (Randegger); 4, Triumphal March, "Naaman" (Costa); 5, Violoncello solo (Thome); 6, Overture, "Egmont" (Beethoven); 7, Songe d'Enfant, (Lohr), Ent'acte (Thomas); 8, Air, "Angels ever bright and fair" (Handel); 9, Hallelujah chorus, "Messiah" (Handel).

CRICCIETH, N. WALES.—Two organ recitals were given at S. Deiniol's Church on the 21st inst. by Mr. Tertius Noble, organist of St. John's, Wilton-road. The congregations were large, and Mr. Noble's performance was fully worthy of the occasion. It was, indeed, the excellence of his recitals at the consecration of the church in June last which led the church authorities to invite him to come so great a distance again. Two solos were sung at each recital by Mrs. Graves and Miss Watts. The organ, it may be said, is an unusually good instrument by Gray and Davidson.

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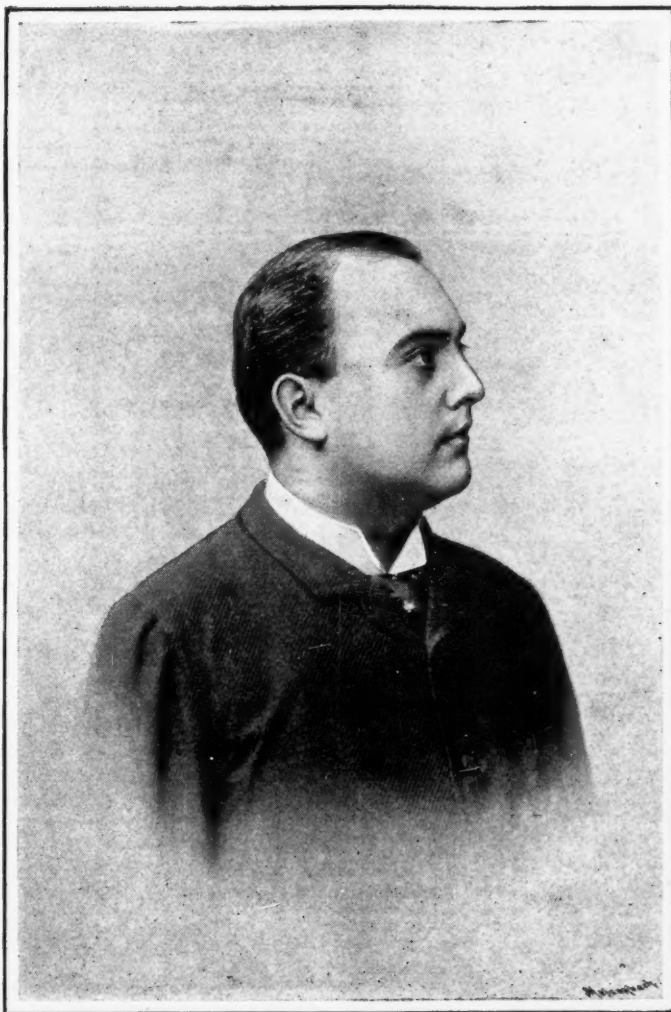
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HERR VAN DYCK.

From a photograph by W. Höffert.